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Praeterita.

JOHN L. CORLEY, 1902.

(*Villanelle.*)

THOUGH dark the earth and drear the sky,
Beneath my lamp light's mellow glow
'Tis sweet to dream of days gone by.

As down Life's stream my fancies fly,
I seem to hear its merry flow,
Though dark the earth and drear the sky.

But wand'ring back, I know not why,
A sadness fills my soul, although,
'Tis sweet to dream of days gone by.

And then I wonder why should I
Be sad at heart and lonely grow,
Though dark the earth and drear the sky?

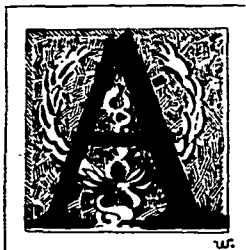
Though early loves may often die,
Our later joys are sure to show
'Tis sweet to dream of days gone by.

So while the hopes of youth run high,
Or while the hopes of youth are low,
Though dark the earth and drear the sky,
'Tis sweet to dream of days gone by!

Music.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE, 1901.

"Music oft hath such a charm to make bad good."



ALL fine art is the expression of the beautiful. Literature is the expression of the beautiful in words, whereas music is the expression of the beautiful in sounds. But in order to have the beautiful, three qualities are requisite: unity, truth and goodness. By unity is meant the quality of a composition that arranges and composes its component parts into an unchanging and structural individ-

uality; truth is the correspondence of our thoughts with things outside the mind; it implies not certainty but universal validity; and goodness is a tendency of the will, which exists when a thing has everything it should have proper to its nature. So wherever these qualities exist, together with variety, be it in music, painting, literature or sculpture, we may rightly judge the work to be a masterpiece of art.

Various classifications of the fine arts have been made by different learned men; Auguste Comte, a very influential critic, has placed music second to poetry in respect to comprehensiveness and complexity; but as to the relative degree of freedom and independence which they enjoy, Dr. Herman Lotze has assigned music the first place.

Music has neither to imitate any natural facts nor to serve any particular end, therefore, its field for gleaning material is almost limitless, and the imagination has a very wide range within which it may work. No wonder is it that its creations appeal so readily to the human soul; for the other arts can but describe states of emotion, perception or impression, whereas music embodies all the inward feelings, and is not content with merely giving effects. It is not, however, my purpose in this paper to prove that music is first among the fine arts, but rather to give a brief history of the development of this wonderful art.

We can state with sufficient certainty that music, in its crude state, doubtless, had its beginning with the creation of man, and that vocal music existed prior to instrumental. We believe too that barbarous peoples did not trouble themselves with any of the fundamental laws or principles of music, but that their chief motive was to express their feelings in a more forcible manner than could be shown by the ordinary tone of voice. The

savage yelled at his enemy because he knew he was able to express his feelings of vengeance with greater force; and the mother lulled her babe to sleep by the hushed and monotonous tones of her voice, for she learned that her crooning would soon ease the mind of her infant, and thus bring on sleep.

True it is that music developed remarkably during the days of paganism, especially among the Greeks; but to speak of music as a fine art, we should confine ourselves to the Christian era. It is interesting, nevertheless, to go back to those days of gods and goddesses and listen to a few of their strange myths. In India, Brahma was looked upon as the first great source of music; to his son, Nared, was ascribed the invention of the Vina, an instrument that somewhat resembles our modern guitar. The Egyptians accounted for the invention of the lyre in this way: the god, Thaut, was strolling along the seashore one day and chanced to pick up a tortoise-shell to which adhered a few membranes of the departed animal, and as he ran his fingers over them they began to vibrate and produce a succession of musical sounds. We also learn that in Greece, Orpheus and Amphion were worshipped and adored as gods of music; and so great was their power that they caused rocks to move and animals to speak.

With the spread of Christianity music underwent a remarkable change, for believers in the new faith no longer deemed the wild Bacchanalian music of a suitable nature to form a part of their religious services. Of course, it took many years to obliterate the traces of past ideas and fancies; and we must confess that we hear little about the progress made in Christian music for several centuries. We learn from scriptural writings that Christ's disciples were accustomed to sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving at their devotional services.

We can readily see the reason for the slow progress made in music at this time: the Christian Church was but in its infancy, and the attention of most of the learned men was directed toward theology. But as the doctrines and beliefs of the Church became better established, men once more devoted themselves to music; and as early as the fourth century, it is recorded that Pope Sylvester started singing schools. A few centuries later Gregory the Great gave a remarkable impetus to music, and soon Gregorian music became the standard Church music. Even to-day we

find this music in the services of the Roman Catholic Church. The eleventh century marks the introduction of the staff in music, and at this period also Marchetti of Padua, and Jean de Muris, a Doctor of Theology in the University of Padua, did excellent work for the promotion of music.

The first epoch of any great note was that of the Netherlands, which dates from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. It is an important period, for it marks the time when music began to be viewed from a more technical point of view. The musical material used was of the intellectual order, and the composers seemed to get an insight into the laws of harmony. The first distinguished composer of this time was William Dufay, a Belgian, who showed greater power than any of his predecessors, both in his harmony and fitness of style. Josquin de Près was another prominent composer of this time, and he deserves high praise for the manner in which he perfected the art of counterpoint: that is, the combining or harmonizing of two or more melodies sounding at the same time into one whole. Next comes the famous age when not music alone but all the fine arts flourished, that is, the Renaissance. One of the results attendant on this great intellectual movement was the introduction of the opera.

There was formed in Florence during the reign of the Medici family, a society called the "Camerate." It was composed chiefly of leading artists and men of culture whose primary object was the careful study of the dramas of Æschylus, Euripides, and other renowned dramatists of the old school. Finally they conceived the notion of producing these dramas according to the old Greek fashion; for you remember that in the third age of the ancient Greeks the dramas were sung and the singers were accompanied by music on the lyre. So these energetic men at once began to carry out their plan, which first assumed shape under Galilei. He was afterward aided by Guilo Caccini; but it took the mind of a master like Joco-po Perè to add the finishing touches and bring forth the first opera. It was now evident that the opera was possible for the first two men, Galilei and Caccini had shown that the air was able to express the emotions of the principal actors, while the chorus was sufficient to show the sentiments of several persons who sang collectively. But another obstacle confronted them: the aria demanded a sustained intensity

of feeling, often for several intervals, whereas the drama was marked by a constant change of emotions and frequent dialogue passages. *Perè* saw a way to avoid this difficulty, and he introduced what is known as the recitative, which is still used in the best operas. The recitative expresses certain passages in the opera, which are short and could not be sung very easily; so they are given in a rather strange voice, part way between song and speech. At last "*Dofni*," the first opera, was brought forth which was followed soon after by "*Eurydice*."

This appearance of the opera marks one of the turning points in the history of music throughout the entire world, and all nations began to vie with one another in this great art. Three famous schools of opera arose, known as the Italian, the German, and the French. These schools were the only original ones, and the others that sprang up later on were but imitators of these.

Carlatti of the Italian school was very prominent during the seventeenth century, and his system has ever since remained a model for Italian opera. He laid great stress on the melodies in music, and treated the emotional character of the work as secondary. We may observe this in any of the Italian operas where long and difficult arias are given, often full of beautiful melodies, merely for the sake of displaying the singer's vocal powers. Next in time among the Italian composers come Gioachimo Rossini, one of the most original creators of melody to be found in the world of music. He has left us a number of beautiful operas among which might be mentioned the "*Barber of Seville*," "*Tancred*," "*William Tell*," and others. His love song in the "*Barber of Seville*" is a most wonderful bit of melody. At this time also lived Vincenzo Bellini, famous for his "*Norma*," "*Lucrezia Borgia*," and "*La Somnambula*." But Perhaps we are more familiar with the compositions of the last great composer of this school, Giuseppe Verdi. His powerful mind created the beautiful operas, "*Rigolletto*," "*Aida* and *Otello*," and "*Falstaff*." Verdi sought to make the orchestra more important in the opera than had his predecessors. His aim was to produce a real musical drama, rather than the mere sensational effects sought for by his fellow-artists.

The French opera differed from the Italian in respect to the truthfulness of its dramatic expression. Lully was the first musician of any

note, and he was followed by Rameau who surpassed him in his means of musical expression. Glück was another important composer of the French school, and his most elaborate work was "*Orpheus*," wherein the recitative is given in a very elaborate manner. This original treatment of the recitative differs from that in the Italian operas; for where the Italians aimed at a musical effect, the French sought a dramatic element. Among other composers of this school might be mentioned Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Ambroise Thomas and Charles Gounod, whose opera, "*Faust*," is always admired by all lovers of music.

In Germany we find a long list of composers whose works will live as long as the art of music lasts. First came Mozart and Beethoven, but neither of these men could be called composers of the German school, for they followed almost exactly after the Italian methods. Carl von Weber, however, was a true German artist, as may be seen in his opera, "*Der Freischütz*." This opera was the most popular one heard in Germany during his day, for it appealed very strongly to German feelings and patriotism. After the success of Weber's compositions a number of imitators arose, such as Marchesner and Sophe; but the name that stands pre-eminent is that of Richard Wagner. Truly, Wagner was a genius, and he was endowed with an intellect and creative power that has been surpassed by few musical composers in the world's history. His works are marked by all the essential elements that go to make perfect music; there we find unity, variety, contrast and climax. You need but hear some of his operas like "*Tannhauser*," "*Tristan und Isolde*," "*Das Rhinegold*," "*Die Walküre*," "*Sufried*," or "*Götterdämmerung*," to learn what a wonderful man he was. Time may roll its ceaseless course along, but these operas will always keep his memory fresh in the minds of music lovers.

All musicians, however, did not devote their time to the opera, as we can readily see by the wonderful compositions created for the pianoforte, as well as the beautiful songs that were composed. Schubert, the first great song writer, was the first to bring the instrumental part of the song into prominence, and make it something more than a mere accompaniment; he used it as a means of emotional interpretation. After him came the renowned romantic writers, such as Mendelssohn, Franz, Schumann and Rubenstein. Pages might also be written of the exquisite compositions for

the pianoforte, composed by masters like Bach, who created the modern sonata, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Liszt. But Liszt is recognized as one of the greatest virtuosi of pianoforte music.

America has not as yet produced any great composers, but let us hope that in years to come she too will bring forth her geniuses in the art of music as she has done in painting, sculpture, and literature.

Tom Malone.

JOHN WORDEN, 1900.

Tom Malone was a good-natured young man, well knit and strong; a very good specimen of manhood all through. He had but one noticeable fault, if such it could be called, and that was loafing around the grog shops and, therefore, he was called lazy.

It had been the sore trial and happiness of his life to love a pretty, winsome maid, whose name was Katherine O'Day.

Her parents were thrifty folk possessing a large share of the world's goods, and they prided themselves on having such a jewel as Katie, who was loved by all the neighbors far and near, because of her sincere piety. Katie truly loved Tom Malone, even if he was considered depraved, and even though her parents chided and argued with her to cease his companionship. It was all to no purpose. So they despaired and thought with horror of the future toward which Katie was rapidly moving, namely to be wife to a good-for-nothing man.

One day as Katie and Tom were enjoying a stolen stroll, Katie said to him, as she leaned upon his arm:

"Tom, dearie, my parents are going to send me away from you. I heard them say so last night as I lay in bed."

Tom paused, grasped his chin with one hand and blurted out:

"Arrah, Katie, if they take ye from me, even should I be a dead man, I will follow ye and bring ye home."

This conversation, so disagreeable to both, soon changed, and the lovers forgot all about the dread calamity that was casting its shadow upon them. Thus they parted, Katie to her father's home, while Tom moodily roamed back along the walk which they had traversed. The following day, Katie's father said to her:

"Come, Katie dear, we are going to yer uncle's, and shure it's a lovely place. He has his horses and servants; ye will be a lady."

Soon after this conversation she was in her father's wagon, and was being rapidly driven over the road to her uncle's home, which was fifteen miles away.

Her life with her uncle was as pleasant as could be expected. Everybody tried to show her the greatest kindness. She was dressed in the richest of silks. A servant constantly attended to her wants, or accompanied her in all the wanderings which she took through the shaded lanes, or over well kept lawns, where numerous fountains sent up their glittering spray.

How her poor heart yearned for Tom can be imagined. She became sad and dreamy and loved to be alone. Her kind aunt and uncle would joke and laugh when she was near, trying in vain to make her happy.

One stormy night, when they had all retired, she arose from her bed, dressed herself and stole softly down stairs, and went to the parlor. Here she drew up a chair in front of a large open fireplace, whose dying embers lit up the room with a ghostly light. There she sat, her head resting upon a velvet cushion, watching the flickering flames. She shuddered as the wind howled outside and drove the rain in violence against the shutters.

Suddenly a knock came on the door. Springing to her feet affrighted, she scarcely knew what to do.

"Maybe it's Tom," she gasped! "Can it be?"

Going to the door, she drew the bolt and opened wide the door.

There stood Tom.

"O Tom! God be praised—my Tom!"

He made a motion for her to come and be silent.

"One minute, Tom,—my shawl." She ran and got it. Then she followed him out into the stormy night.

He guided her down the walk to where a horse and wagon were standing. Catching her under the arms, he lifted her lightly into the vehicle, then sprang in beside her.

Taking up the reins, he drove the horse furiously. She clung to him as they sped along through the inky blackness. The rain poured down in torrents; but she did not care. After a while it ceased, and the clouds broke away revealing a clear, silvery moon that shone full and bright. She glanced at Tom, who had uttered never a word.

'Oh! my poor Tom, you will get your death of cold," said she, as she noticed that he was bare headed and lightly clad. His thick black hair lay soaked and matted across his forehead. She pushed it back, and taking her handkerchief she knotted it about his head—how cold he was and how silent!

Now they passed a graveyard. The white stones glistened in the pale light of the moon, and the sobbing and wailing of the banshees made her almost faint with fear. At last her home was reached. He lifted her down from the wagon, and pointed silently to the house.

"O my God! Katie, how came ye here on sich a night, me poor child?" cried her father, as she entered the door.

"Tom brought me home, papa," she said.

"No, no, child, he did not do that," said her mother, "Tom Malone is dead these two weeks past; he died of typhoid fever."

"But he did, and in our wagon too," persisted Katie.

The old man left the house, and went out to the barn. Sure enough the horse had been out, for he was flecked with foam and covered with mud. The steam that arose from his heaving body told how hard he had been driven. "But Tom is dead," said the old man, retracing his steps—"Tom is dead."

Two days passed by, and still Katie continued to say that Tom had brought her home. Then the parish priest was consulted; and it was agreed to open the grave of Tom Malone, and see if he was there and thus prove to Katie that he was really dead.

All the parish assembled round the grave one bright afternoon. The soil was broken, and the coffin lifted up. Katie stood near Father Drumgool and her parents. The lid was broken off, and they all pressed forward. Katie fell on her knees in the yellow clay with a heart-breaking scream.

There was all that remained of what was once Tom Malone. Peaceful and quiet, his hands clasped over his chest, and a white handkerchief tied around his head.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not—work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will always be his best.—*Ruskin.*

Varsity Verse.

TO ———

A SILENT Sister on her mission blest
To pain-tossed couches such contentment gave
The sick grew well: and silent seemed to crave
Her smiles, that fell like dew on parched earth's breast;
Happy the fevered brow her soft hand pressed,
Its burning sands lapped o'er by cooling wave.
Slow dropped the beads, each offered up to save
Some poor soul's pain. Weary she seeks no rest,

But eyes downcast, she moves about as mild
As did the Virgin caring for her child;

Her bosom calm and pure as mountain dell,
Like it has heaven reflected in her face,
Mid all her cares forever storing grace
Within her heart's most sacred citadel.

W. H. T.

I DO NOT CARE.

I do not care if when I die
Beneath tall tangled weeds I lie,—
Let no vain tombstone mark my head,
The white plain snow will do instead,
And winds may breathe their passing sigh.

If night-birds 'bove my grave-mound fly
Molested not; if crickets cry
Amid the winds where I lie dead,
I do not care.

But then if you should not chance by,
And kneel with eyes turned toward the sky,
With ckeeks bedewed—all color fled,
To show one heart for me has bled—
Ah then! but till *you* break love's tie,
I do not care.

F. C. S.

A TRIOLET.

The yachting girl, the latest craze,
With daring risks has caught our eye.
She knows the sea in every phase—
This yachting girl, the latest craze,
Her natty costumes quite amaze
The simple folk when her they spy.
The yachting girl, the latest craze,
With social risks has caught their eye.

P McE.

THE WELL RUNS DRY.

The well runs dry and planks unsound
About the kerb rot in the ground;
The pebbled pool beyond the drain,
Uncoursed but by the summer rain,
Forsaken lies like the owner's mound.

The city's din and pleasures found
In crowded street and fashion's round
Enticed the children, all too vain:
The well runs dry.

Thus do teachings tried and sound
In lessons for us all abound.

Unrest floats o'er the city's fane;
Joy looks down the old farm lane.
When the heart is sad, the mind's insane,—
The well runs dry.

F. F. D.

Brownson on the Existence of God.

GEORGE J. MARR, 1901.

In the first volume of his "Philosophical Works," Dr. Brownson maintains that we can not prove from reason that God exists. He holds that we have immediate intuition of God; that is, direct intellectual vision of him. The mind apprehends directly, without any reasoning whatever, the necessary connection between the predicate "exists" and the subject "God," just as it does in the axiom, "The whole is greater than any of its parts." This meaning of immediate intuition is the common one, and as Dr. Brownson does not define the expression otherwise, we must take the above definition to be his also. In support of his position he adduces three principal arguments. In the first place he claims that reasoning does not give us new knowledge, but merely defines what we already know. "Reasoning is not an operation by which knowledge is extended to new matter. . . . all it does is to distinguish, clear up and establish what we already know in the premises" (Vol., I. Phil., p. 262). He lays stress on the fact that the bases of reasoning powers are intuitive. A little further on (p. 262) he states:

"The principles are intuitively evident, and consequently nothing not intuitively evident can be concluded." In the second place, he holds that if God is in the bases, "He can be said to be contained in them only in the sense that He is identical with them. . . . There can be no principles more ultimate than God. . . . the first principle conceivable or possible." (Ibid., p. 262.) Finally, Dr. Brownson tries to strengthen his position of immediate intuition from the concept of necessary and contingent being. He regards the terms "necessary" and "contingent" as correlative.

Perhaps the best way to answer the Doctor's assertion, that reason does not give us new knowledge, is to show what such a position will lead to. Pushed to its limit, it denies all reasoning, and holds that we have immediate intuition of everything. When Dr. Brownson says, as we have quoted above, that nothing not intuitively evident can be concluded, and that reason does not give us new knowledge, he must mean that we have immediate intuition of every problem in geometry as soon as we have read the axioms on the front page. Such being the case, we need not,

ought not, to reason at all, because intuition itself is intellectual vision, is clear knowledge.

How, furthermore, can we reconcile these two statements? First, if God is in the premises, He is identical with them; second, all reason can do is to make us see that what we apprehend is God. When we have direct vision of God in the premises, no act of reasoning is needed to make clear our apprehension. What, however, does Dr. Brownson mean by saying that reason does not give new knowledge? Surely he would admit that a man who has studied geometry for several years, and one that has just read the axioms differ somewhat in their knowledge. He says the former has only cleared up what he had; yet this could not be since he had immediate intuition of everything when he started. Our common sense, however, tells us there is a difference in their knowledge. Hence we can not hold that there was immediate intuition, for then the knowledge of the two men would not be different; nor can we hold that reason has simply cleared up what the advanced student already knew, for in that case reason would be performing the useless task of making clear what is already perfectly evident by intuition. The first student, therefore, has acquired new items of knowledge.

In the second place, Dr. Brownson holds, as we here see, that "there can be no principle more ultimate than God—the first principle possible or conceivable." We admit that God is ultimate in the world of reality as the cause of things; but we must say that He is not the *primum cognitum*. The ultimate principle beyond which the mind can not go is the principle of contradiction which even God Himself can not undo. Hence, when Doctor Brownson, in the same line of argument with the above quotation, says, "If God is in the premises He can be said to be in them only in the sense that He is identical with them," we must differ from him. We must hold to the contrary that since God is not the ultimate principle of mind He is not identical with the premises, and therefore He is contained in them potentially and can be concluded from them.

My third point is a criticism of Dr. Brownson's arguments about necessary and contingent being. By overthrowing these we defeat his immediate intuition of God, and show that we can prove from reason that God exists. His position is this: When we intue the contingent we also intue the necessary being on

which it depends and without which it is inconceivable. Brownson overlooks the fact that a necessary being on one side and on the other the whole series of contingent beings intimately connected, may be regarded as correlative terms; but that necessary being or first cause, and any particular effect which may be the result of a third or a fourth cause are not correlative. Dr. Brownson, furthermore, makes the statement: "The contingent . . . can be known only in knowing necessary and eternal being (page 268.) With regard to this assertion, we must grant that we can not think of the contingent as not resting on something else; but this something else may itself be contingent, and then we can know the contingent without knowing the necessary. Only after going through a long series are we forced to have recourse to a necessary Being, or God; but then we have got that knowledge mediately, not intuitively. There is no necessity for saying that in every act of intelligence we intue God as causing the contingent thing. If we comprehend first cause we must have derived that comprehension mediately or by reason. Hence we see that the mind has not intuition of God; but it can prove from reason that God exists, just as it establishes any other truth of reason.

A Psychological Freak.

HENRY E. BROWN, '02.

Two years ago on my way home for the Christmas vacation I was obliged, owing to a heavy fall of snow, that completely blocked the tracks, to stay over night at Harkland, a little town in Illinois, the home of the Hon. J. J. Cooney and one or two others. We reached Harkland at about ten o'clock, and passengers and trainmen started for the one small inn, two miles distant, of which Harkland can boast. I never was a sprinter, besides I had a bad start; and by the time I reached the little inn, half frozen and nearly dead with sleep, all the rooms were taken.

"Sorry, sir!" says mine host, a small, fat, red-faced and bald little man, with spectacles on the end of his nose and a thorough knowledge of his own importance as keeper of the only "hotel" in town—"sorry, sir! but all the rooms are taken. If you had come two minutes earlier you might have had the cook's room; now there's two gentlemen up there."

Here was a pretty go. I was bound I would not walk those two miles back to the railroad on the slim chance of being allowed to sleep in the car; and I was just as determined that I was not going to sit up all night. But still there did not seem to be any help for it. I was still casting about in my mind for the most forcible anathema with which to stigmatize one-horse inns in general, and this little one-horse inn in particular, when the landlord happily bethought him of a last hope.

"There's one chance," said he, "though I don't know if you'd care to take it. You see, there's a sick man has the big front room all to himself. He's got asthma, or some such trouble,—nothing dangerous. There's two beds in that room, and you might get him to let you sleep there. You might as well try anyway! Come on, and I'll take you up to the room."

Anything to get a bed to sleep in and be out of the cold. So up I went behind mine host to the big front room. It was truly of good size, with a bed on each side of the door, and a big roaring fire in the stove; in fact, if anything, it was too warm.

So much I noticed while mine host was explaining my case to a thin, dried up little man of probably fifty years, with scant gray hair and sharp little eyes, and the look of a man who is going to have his own way about everything. At any rate he was by no means bad-looking enough to drive me back into the cold, and so I brought all my powers of persuasion to bear, money included, and in the end coaxed him into giving me permission to stay. That point settled, mine host withdrew with a scraping "Good night, gentlemen," and as much of a bow as his stubby body would permit, and I set about the pleasing task of undressing, my every movement closely watched by my sick companion.

As I noticed before, the beds were on each side of the door. Opposite the door, and slightly nearer my companion's bed than mine, was the stove, a big, old fashioned-one, almost at red heat now from the great fire that had been going, probably all day, but was now dying out. Opposite the foot of each bed was a window; and near the window opposite my bed an old-fashioned combination wash-stand and bureau, with a big mirror above it. So much I noticed while undressing; and I further noticed that it seemed to be getting hotter every minute I stayed in there.

There was scant covering on my bed,—

nearly all of it being piled on top of the sick man—but still I found it too hot for sleep. I completed the work of putting out the fire by pouring some water on the dying coals, as if by accident; but the heat in the room was still unbearable. Finally, I asked my companion if he didn't think it would be a good plan to open the window for a few minutes. Immediately he was up in arms. On no condition! His doctor had told him the least cold would be the death of him! I might better start up the fire again!

Oh heavens! not that! I talked to him; I argued with him; and finally, by representing myself to be a medical student—God forgive me the lie!—I persuaded him that fresh air was the best thing possible for him, and got him to agree to let me open the window.

Well, the cool air fanning his fevered brow did feel good, and for a time all went well. Pretty soon the other extreme was reached. It began to get cold in the room. The fire was out, and, as I said, the coverings on my bed were few, and the wind that came blowing in was by no means a zephyr. Now I wanted the window closed; but no indeed! my companion would not hear of it. That cool air felt too refreshing. And this time all my rhetoric and all my persuasive arts were used to no purpose. That window was going to stay open, and that's all there was about it!

I got desperate. I crawled shivering out of bed, and groping my way to the window, I triumphantly shut it, and crawled back to bed again. I pulled the few covers up tight about me to warm myself as best I could, watching, meanwhile, to see what the other fellow was going to do about it. I didn't have long to wait. Soon I made out the dim outline of his form raised up in bed. He swung his arm above his head, and let fly some heavy object—his boot, as I afterward discovered. Crash went the glass as the boot struck the window in my corner.

Phew! I could feel the cold air rushing across my bed. No matter how I tucked the covers about me in a vain endeavor to keep warm, I could feel that icy wind cutting through and chilling me to the bone; and shivering and shaking I fell asleep.

When I awoke in the morning I found the window untouched. The big old mirror had stopped the boot, and all my suffering had arisen from excessive imagination—and mine host made me pay for the broken mirror.

"Much Ado about Nothing"

"God bless ye," said Dan O'Brien as he entered Darby Casey's house one evening in September.

"An' you, likewise, Dan," responded Darby. "Push up to the fire and sit down."

"The evening's turning out awful blustry," continued Dan, as he made his way to the hearth with his pipe in his hand. "The wind is from the north; I fear we'll get the rain."

"That we might, then!" said Darby as he oared himself back from the fire to make way for his neighbor. "The praties and everything is blighted from the hot weather, and to help the hate, me ould cock,—the divil take him! God forgive me—took the hins into the garden and spoilt me bit of cabbitch, and roosted in the middle of me handful of seed. I'd have soult or kilt him long ago, but I was keeping him as a remembrance of the ould woman."

"No wonder ye'd have a bit for him," said Dan, as he seized a sod of turf to light his pipe, "herself—God rest her sowl—used to pick pride in him."

"Yes," said Darby, "but he's so very ould, 'tis as much as I can remember to think when first she got him; and now the ould divil is losing his head and keepin' crowin' all night. But by all that's lovely he'll break me sleep no longer any more, for I'll take the head off him now as ye're here; and by hanging him up in the chimney he'll be plinty tindher between this and Sunday."

"But what'll you do with the hins, thin?"

"I don't care what'll become of thim aither now," said Darby, "I might give thim to Jim Hogan's wife, there's only two of thim layin' anyhow."

"Here's he for ye, Dan, take him and hould him till I go and edge the knife."

"He's purty heavy," said Dan, as he balanced the cock between his hands.

"I don't know why he shouldn't," said Darby, as he rubbed the knife faster against the pot; "he had enough of ating an' sleepin' ever since he was a chicken. I think this ould knife ought to be sharp enough now. Put your finger in it, Dan, and give me the cock an' I'll hould him for ye."

"No, Darby, do ye keep it yerself," said Dan, "yerself is a good dale better at anything loike that than me."

"Well, Dan," said Darby, "'tis quare how some people are. I'm no good a tall for butch-

erin', if ye believe me. Me hand gets a tramor whenever I do be doin' that koind of work."

"Very well so, then," said Dan, "the divil a tramor does my hand get, but indeed I am not much in the line of butcherin'. Anyhow, let ye hould him, an' I'll try if I can't kill him."

"Ah! 'twon't go from me, ye needn't fear," said Darby, "I'll squeeze him between me knees, and I'll be hung if he gets away."

"This ould knife won't cut nothing," interrupted Dan. "I'm sawing at his poll here an' 'twont even cut the skin."

"Hould him do ye, Dan," said Darby, "an' I'll give it a few more rubs. 'Twon't take a minute."

"Go then, and don't be long," said Dan, "before he'll bother the life out of us screeching. The ould fellah's neck is so tough that a rayshur couldn't hardly make a mark in it."

"I'll be shot if this won't kill him now," said Darby, testing the knife with his thumb.

"I wish it 'twould kill him," said Dan, "for 'tis not very aisy to be listhenin'—"

"Push back in his neck," said Darby, as he looked over Dan's shoulder and saw the knife refused to work. "Try down farther and get a soft place."

"'Tis no use, Darby," said Dan, "there isn't a soft bit in him. We must take him out in the yard and get the hatchet, and the divil be in him, if I can't kill him with that."

"Cut his windpipe, anyhow," said Darby, "before he'll wake up the ould hins, and then we can kill him in peace, for one stroke of the hatchet, if I can find it, will aisily knock off his head."

"Don't be afraid he'll wake the hins as long as I have him," said Dan. "Hurry up with the hatchet!"

"I'm sure this is sharp enough," said Darby, as he rubbed the hatchet with his sleeve. "Take it do ye, Dan, and show me the cock till I hould him."

"Lave him down in the block," said Dan, when he had tested the hatchet. "I think a few strokes of this will put him out of pain, an' an end to our work."

"Indeed we had a right to think of this first," said Darby, "and not be bothered with the ould knife all night."

"Well, Darby," said Dan, as he knocked off the cock's head, "I don't think he was losin' his head as soon as ye thought. It seems to me but for the ould hatchet he'd never lose it."

"I don't think so aither," said Darby, "God spare ye the health!"

N. C. Y.

Books and Magazines.

The latest issue of the *Medical Record* is before us and is full of interesting articles on medicine and surgery. The editorials are particularly interesting. From them we learn of experiments that have been performed which shows quite conclusively that the troublesome malady, malaria, is spread by mosquitoes. The society reports are full of information, and the Medical Items contain many hints of general interest. The clearness of the subject-matter throughout this valuable periodical makes it interesting to the medical man and layman alike.

Nowadays there is no dearth of text-books for the study of modern languages. Very few, however, of the many that flood the book-market fulfil all that is claimed for them by their enthusiastic authors. There seems to be quite a variety of methods given us, for example, for the study of the French language; and without the aid of an experienced teacher, it would be a bewildering task for a beginner to make a judicious choice of a book that would be at all helpful in acquiring a practical knowledge of this polite language. There is a handy little volume recently prepared by Prof. F. Berger, which seems to have many of the desirable qualities of a good French text-book. It has many good points to recommend it to all beginners, and especially to the young. The method adopted by the author is, for the most part, original, and the vocabularies, exercises, etc., are well graded. The idiomatic expressions find their proper place at the end of the work. On the whole, the book has much merit, and will repay perusal and careful study.

"The Sunday Companion," McBride and Co., Akron, Ohio, is full of suggestions and methods which tend to simplify and render attractive the study of the catechism. This weekly paper is a vade-mecum for the catechist.

"The Delineator" for November, published by the Butterick Publishing Company, New York, is a magazine for gentlewomen. Besides illustrations and descriptions of the latest styles in dresses it has much of general interest to the housewife in the line of home decoration and fancy sewing.

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—St. Edward's Day was observed here in a befitting manner. Mass was celebrated with the usual striking ceremonies. A tribute was paid to the founders, Very Rev. Father Sorin and the unselfish men who came with him. The afternoon was given up to the Autumn Meets.

—There is a noticeable dearth of popular novels this year. Not a single "David Harum" or "To Have and to Hold" is heard of. There is no want of lovers of "light reading," and besides favorable criticism—that is, publishing-house "puffs"—will be forthcoming always. Why is it, then, that no wares are in the market-place for the buyers? Can it be that popular authors have repented themselves, and to mend their ways have entered the political field?

—Since we are to have some hotly contested games on Cartier Field this season it would be well to choose marshals to lead the rooters. We do not lack enthusiasm here. In fact, we have more of it than most universities, for we are linked closer together. At Cornell, for instance, a place noted for its spirit, only two hundred students attended a meeting the purpose of which was to encourage their athletes.

Though we have enthusiasm enough we lack in organization for united effort in cheering on our men who strive. If the different halls call meetings there is no doubt but that men will be found who will get up yells and songs. A popular member to start off those songs and yells should be chosen by each hall. Our football men of this season will undoubtedly deserve all the encouragement and praise we can give them.

—Those who in their younger days have spent happy hours with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn must be glad that the genial "Mark Twain" is home again and more hale than when he left nine years ago. He is not so wealthy, however. During the last few years he has been paying off what may be truly called a debt of honor. Now his name is clear, and he has come back to the land where his heart always was. With "Mark" at home we ought to be able to increase the diameter of our surcingles, if there is truth in the saw "Laugh and grow fat."

—We regret it is necessary to announce again that the members of the band will meet for combined practice every Thursday and Sunday after Mass. The orchestra will have practice on the same days after dinner. The music room will be open every day at three o'clock for individual work. A notice to this effect appeared in the SCHOLASTIC a few weeks ago, but some of the musicians failed to see it, or, seeing it, paid no attention to the matter.

If a student is a member of the band or orchestra he is in honor bound to attend practice regularly. The players are in the musical organizations for the same reason that they are on the athletic teams; that is, because they excel other competitors in that line. Mind, no one is finding fault with the band and orchestra. On the contrary, many compliment them for their excellent playing the few times they appeared publicly. Prof. Roche is especially congratulated for his energetic work. He is doing as much as any one man can accomplish.

Our band, above all things, should be kept up. It was organized over forty-five years ago, and is about the oldest in the college world of America. Only a few of the Eastern universities have bands. Pennsylvania has the one of longest standing, and that is only of four years' duration.

Autumn Meets.

INTER HALL MEET.

The Brownson Hall track team has shown its superiority over all competitors again by carrying off the Meet in hollow style. Never at any time during the progress of the contest was Brownson in danger. The presence of Powers was enough to discourage the Brownson men; but they continued to roll up points regardless of who else was making them until the final result made them the winners by a big margin. Sorin Hall's team did very good work, and gave Brownson what little competition it really had. The Corby Hall team made an excellent showing for the number of men entered in the Meet. Every man on the different teams, with very few exceptions, succeeded in winning one or more points, and consequently was satisfied. The Meet was very satisfactory for other reasons. The sole purpose for which the contest was held was to develop and to show who were good men.

From the consideration of points gained Herbert of Corby Hall did the best work. He took a place in enough events to bring fifteen points to his Hall. Moran of Corby Hall made the next highest number, adding ten and a half points to the hall's score. Moran and Deady made a very good impression. Deady showed excellent form in the mile run. McCaughern of Sorin Hall was another new man on the track to attract the onlooker's attention. Running from scratch he finished ahead of good men who had handicaps on him, and he appeared fresh at the finish. The unexpected form shown by Staples of Brownson Hall was an agreeable surprise. His clever work in the quarter-mile run after competing in two other events, make him a man of some promise on the track.

Soarossa did some excellent riding in the bicycle events, and he gave McDougall a hard ride in both races. The unfortunate accident at the finish of the mile event did not result as seriously as it might have.

McGee of Brownson Hall did a clever bit of riding in the quarter-mile bicycle event. He made a good start before the other men and finished with many lengths to spare. Stitch and Richon of Brownson did well in the jumps and Kearney of Sorin Hall made himself a favorite by his neat vaulting.

Corcoran did not compete, and Powers

entered in only a few events. The old track team men, McDougall, Pick, Gormley and Sullivan showed good form.

Brownson Hall was very much elated over its decisive victory. Later in the evening the heavens were illuminated by an immense bonfire, the stump speakers of the hall gave vent to their exuberant spirits in bursts of oratory, and the campus resounded with Brownson's yells long after the men in the other halls were in their rooms. Such meets are good things for the students of all the different departments of the University, and interesting for those persons who have long ago laid aside the work. The persons who had the meet in charge and who did the handicap work are to be congratulated upon the success of the Meet. These men also have the thanks of the student body. The summary is as follows:

WINNER.	HANDICAP.
100 YARD DASH.	
1. McCaughern.....	Scratch
2. Herbert.....	3 yards
3. Moran.....	Scratch
Time..... 10 2-5 secs.	
220 YARD DASH.	
1. Herbert.....	1 yard
2. Moran.....	Scratch
3. Staples.....	6 yards
Time..... 23 2-5 secs.	
440 YARD DASH.	
1. Staples.....	5 yards
2. Kahler.....	15 yards
3. Herbert.....	Scratch
Time..... 55 secs.	
880 YARD RUN.	
1. Gormley.....	30 yards
2. Jennings.....	50 yards
3. Moran.....	Scratch
Time..... 2 min. 9 4-5 secs.	
MILE RUN.	
1. Deady.....	Scratch
2. Butler.....	50 yards
Time..... 5 min. 10 1-2 secs.	
HIGH JUMP.	
1. Stitch.....	Tied with 7 inches
1. Richon.....	5 inches
3. Sullivan.....	3 inches
Height..... 5 ft. 10 1-2 in.	
BROAD JUMP.	
1. Corcoran.....	1 ft. 10 in.
2. Donahoe.....	2 ft. 6 in.
3. Moran.....	Tied with 2 ft.
3. Powers.....	Scratch
Distance..... 20 ft. 9 in.	
POLE VAULT.	
1. Stitch.....	1 ft. 2 in.
2. Richon.....	1 ft. 8 in.
3. Kearney.....	5 in.
Height..... 10 ft. 3 in.	
SHOT PUT.	
1. Powers.....	Scratch
2. Pick.....	3 feet
3. Hayes.....	4 feet
Distance..... 39 ft. 2 in.	
HAMMER THROW.	
1. Kirby.....	12 feet
2. McCullough.....	Scratch
3. McAdams.....	10 feet
Distance..... 93 ft. 10 in.	

DISCUS THROW.

1. Pick.....10 feet
2. Powers.....Scratch
3. Farragher.....25 feet

Distance.....109 ft. 2 in.

100 YARD HURDLES.

1. Herbert.....Scratch
2. Staples.....Scratch

Time.....17 2-5 secs.

220 YARD HURDLES.

1. Moran.....5 yards
2. Kirby.....12 yards
3. Herbert.....Scratch

Time.....30 secs.

QUARTER MILE BICYCLE.

1. Magie.....10 yards
2. McDougall.....Scratch
3. Soarossa.....10 yards

Time.....35 secs.

MILE BICYCLE.

1. McDougall.....Scratch
2. Saarossa.....30 yards
3. Warder.....70 yards

Time.....3 min. 15 secs.

* *

ST. EDWARD'S HALL TRACK MEET.

The lads of St. Edward's Hall held their annual field day last Saturday afternoon. The events were such as all the youngsters could easily enter—short runs, hurdle races, sack races and bicycle races, and each event was hotly contested from start to finish. Some of the races were so close that the judges had considerable difficulty in picking out the winners. The prizes were adapted to the ages of the competitors. Everything went off smoothly, thanks to the clever management of Brother Cajetan, who proved to be the right man in the right place. The good Brother's greatest delight is to see that the youngsters under his charge enjoy themselves, and this he fully succeeds in doing. The order of events was as follows:

First running race—Ratchford, first; Rousseau, second; Mulligan, third.

Second running race—Mix, first; H. Munson, second; Houser, third.

Third running race—Mooney, first; McDowd, second; Gasman, third.

Fourth running race—Weist, first; St. Clare, second; Kelly, third.

Fifth running race—Carey, first; McIver, second; Anderson, third.

First sack race—Mulligan, first; Bassi, second; Chittendon, third.

Second sack race—Robbins, first; Houser, second; Garrigan, third.

Third sack race—Graham, first; Robinson, second; Casey, third.

Fourth sack race—Knight, first; Kelly, second.

First three-legged race—Houser and Balding, first; Bassi and Gallart, second.

Second three-legged race—McBride and Munson, first; Paxton and A. Von Herbulis, second; E. Von Herbulis and Johnson, third.

Third three-legged race—Goodhue and McFarland,

first; Albert O. Von Herbulis and Hoffmann, second.

Fourth three-legged race—McIver and Schonlau, first; McBride and Seymour, second.

First hurdle race—Brooks, first; Gallart, second; Chittendon, third.

Second hurdle race—Garrigan, first; Paxton, second; Randle, third.

Third hurdle race—Burrell, first; Sullivan, second; Kasper, third.

Fourth hurdle race—Van Phul, first; Sabin, second; Schonlau, third.

First bicycle race—Berteling, first; Bosworth, second.

Second bicycle race—Mix, first; Houser, second; Paxton, third.

Third bicycle race—Goodhue, first; Warren, second; Casey, third.

Boat Race.

One of the interesting events in the celebration of St. Edward's day was the boat race, on St. Joseph's Lake. The *Silver Jubilee* crew, for which Shea set the stroke, won an easy race. An accident in the *Golden Jubilee* boat at the start lost for them whatever chance they had to win. The form shown by the men surprised the spectators. When John Eggeman fired the pistol both banks of the lake were filled with an enthusiastic crowd. Before the report of the pistol reached the ears of those on the bank, the oars dip into the water, and the boats give a sudden lurch. The strokes come faster, and the two boats fairly skim over the water. Half way down the length of the lake, No. 1 in the *Golden Jubilee* loses his seat. The distance between the two boats begins to lengthen immediately. In the turn, *Silver Jubilee* continues her fast stroke. No. 1 in *Golden Jubilee* is still scrambling for his seat. Out of the turn the blue-clad oarsmen pull their boat before the yellow crew's coxswain gives the signal to stroke. Up the stretch come the two boats. No. 1 in *Golden Jubilee* has regained his seat, and the crew is rowing in great form. "All together, boys!" yell the coxswains, and the men exert themselves to the utmost. Gradually they near the buoy. *Silver Jubilee* holds her even stroke, and though the other boat strives hard, she is an easy winner.

The music furnished by Prof. Roche's band was of a high order and added much to the event. The crews were composed of the following men:

SILVER JUBILEE		GOLDEN JUBILEE	
Shea	Stroke	Mullen	
Fortin	No. 5	Lins	
O'Malley	No. 4	Powers	
O'Dea	No. 3	Weiss	
Richon	No. 2	McDonough	
Fox	No. 1	Kinney	
Krost	Coxswain	Wilson	

An Easy Victory.

Notre Dame defeated a strong eleven from South Bend in finished style on Saturday. This feat is further evidence that we have an excellent eleven ourselves. Howard Park has some good football material among the men on its roster, although they are sorely in need of coaching and deplorably in need of training. Kahler at left tackle played a remarkable game for a man so little trained as he was. His inclination toward unfair play, however, marred his clever work very much. Meyers at quarter-back, Schumacher at half-back, and Yank, Curry and Shirk at the end positions showed unusual form on defensive play. Howard Park eleven with the material they have should play a far better game than the exhibition they gave on Cartier Field.

Our fellows did some excellent work. Captain Farley distinguished himself again by his long runs around the ends. Farragher increased his popularity with the rooters by his clever work. George Kuppler made good the prophecy of his friends by his good work with the ball, and Lins again demonstrated that few men playing football can hit a line harder than he does. Fortin carried the ball in good form and took care of a very hard man. Hayes and Sammon are the equal of any ends in the country on defensive play. Not once did the opposing eleven gain the necessary five yards, and a great deal of this is due to the play of our ends. The line also held well. Every time the South Bend team struck it they were thrown back for a loss. Winter's kicking was a feature of the game.

After the Varsity had given the opposing team a chance to show their mettle they took the ball on downs, and in two rushes pushed Kuppler over the line for a touchdown. Winter kicked an easy goal, and after two minutes of play the score stood six to nothing in favor of Notre Dame.

Kahler kicked twenty yards to Kuppler and George brought the pigskin back fifteen. Lins got three through the centre; Kuppler made five more through tackle; Fortin worked the left end for seven, and Kuppler went through tackle for another touchdown. Winter kicked goal. Score, N. D., 12; H. P., 0.

Kahler kicked twenty yards to Pick. Pick returned the ball seventeen. John Farley then skirted left end for fifty yards before Yank could tackle him. Kuppler hit left tackle for

three more. Farragher made two through right tackle. Lins circled right end for ten yards and a down. Winter kicked goal. Score, 18-0.

Kahler kicked twenty-five yards to Farragher; Jim came back ten. Lins went through guard for three, and around the end for three more. Fortin cantered through left tackle for two and five yards respectively. Farragher got ten more around right end, and Kuppler crawled through tackle for five more. Notre Dame lost the ball for holding. Vahlert, Yank and Schumacher tried to move the ball toward their goal, but failed utterly, and the ball went to Notre Dame on Howard Park's forty-yard line. Farragher hit the line for four yards. Fortin made two through left tackle; Kuppler struck the same place for two more; Lins followed Farragher for two, and this made eight around right end. Farley was tackled hard by Shirk without gain. Lins made three at right end. Farragher pushed on for nine more in the same place. Fortin went through tackle for a down. Winter missed his first goal. Score, 23-0.

Zulkie kicked fifteen yards to Winter and fell on the ball when it bounded back. Schumacher made one yard through tackle, and lost two yards at the same play. Vahlert could make only one yard around right end, and the ball went over to N. D. Farley, Lins, Fortin and Farragher with Kuppler pushed the ball across the line for the fifth down. Score, 29-0.

Kahler kicked to Kuppler who brought the ball back ten yards. The half closed with the ball on the fifty-yard line. The second half was merely a repetition of the first, only the downs came much more frequently. Lins, Kuppler, Farragher and Fortin tore up the opposing line, while Farley and Kuppler skirted the ends for long gains. When the referee blew his whistle at the close of the game the score stood, N. D., 64; Howard Park, 0.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME.		HOWARD PARK
Sammon	Left End	Curry and Shirk
Farragher	Left Tackle	Kahler
Gillen	Left Guard	Howard
Winter	Centre	Shirley
O'Malley	Right Guard	Huggard
Fortin	Right Tackle	Zulkie, Hartman
Hayes	Right End	Yank
Pick	Quarter Back	Meyers, Taylor
Farley	Right Half-Back	Schumacher, Vahlert
Kuppler	Left Half-Back	Vahlert, Meyers
Lins	Full Back	Wagner

Touchdowns—Kuppler, 3; Fortin, 2; Farley, 2; Lins, 1; Farragher, 3. Goals from downs, Winter, 9. Mullen, Referee; Vahlert, Umpire. Diebold and Earl, Linesmen, Stoll and Yockey, Timekeepers. 25 minute halves.

Exchanges.

There is a certain kind of humor native to America which does not require footnotes or illustrations, but permeates American life, and ripples along in the literature of our authors. Its detection is not followed by a guffaw but by a smile—the reader does not act the clown, but is filled with a feeling of content. It finds its perfection in a Holmes, a Ward or a Twain. In a minor degree, we are reminded of these famous and clever Americans by the editors who fill up the pages of the *Michigan Wrinkle*, the *Pennsylvania Red and Blue* and the *Princeton Tiger*. These three papers come close to the ideal college paper. They deal with no abstruse, metaphysical problems, or enter into Horatian or Shaksperian discussions, but reflect the life about them in an amiable way, in a superficial manner, we admit, for it is impossible to treat a subject lightly and humorously and be deep.

The *Michigan Daily*, Wisconsin *Cardinal*, Cornell *Sun*, Indiana *Student*, and our other daily exchanges, seem to find their existence in the amount of football news they digest. It is true that football is the fall life of a university, yet we would like to see them work on some other kind of material, and give us a variety; for the same kind of food stuff is not always palatable. Some of the smaller dailies come wrapped like a cigarette. Unless they have a machine for doing this kind of work we would advise them to follow the example of the larger colleges in this respect; and then, perhaps, the *Ex-man's* debits would not run up so large on the Book of Life.

The *Princeton Tiger's* cleverness lies in its witticisms and its illustrations, the *Red and Blue's* in the peculiar and pleasing turns of its "Universal Anecdote," the *Wrinkle's* in the wisdom of its Jester—all three are inspired by the muses—sometimes humorously, sometimes sentimentally, other times plaintively and oddily. We find the illiterate freshman "soft soaped" knowingly in the *Wrinkle*, wisely in the *Tiger*, and harmoniously in the *Red and Blue*. The sonnet on Life in the *Red and Blue* is a beautiful thing, correct in technicalities, with a strong running flow and full of concrete imagery. J. J. S.

Athletic Notes.

After a little more than two and a half years of observation and investigation, a committee of university professors, representing Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Brown, California, Columbia, and Cornell, has framed new and strict rules for governing college sport. That these rules will be adopted is still a matter of uncertainty. One important regulation is, that university teams shall compete only on university grounds. Another rule is to be "so construed as to disqualify a student who receives from any source whatever a pecuniary gain or emolument or position of profit, direct or indirect, in order to render it possible for him to participate in university athletics."

**

It is worthy of note that the Inter-Collegiate Association does not leave to the newspapers the recognition of championship records. It has committees to take official note of these. On the occasion when the above-mentioned regulations were submitted to the Association, the new inter-collegiate records made last May by Plaw, Beck and Grant were formally accepted. It is also to be mentioned that those who establish new records for the Inter-Collegiate Association in the East receive what is known as the Association Record Medal. It would be a commendable thing if the West should follow the East, not only in matters of this kind but in other ways. More than a year ago Caspar Whitney very reasonably complained that the Western Inter-Collegiate track-athletic championships were somewhat unsatisfactory inasmuch as a special day had not been set apart for the trials.

It is to be hoped that some good will result from the efforts now being made in the West to collect and publish in book form a systematized arrangement of records which are of interest to athletes in this part of the country. It is a well-known fact that none of the leaders in track athletics in the West are at present able to give reliable information in regard to this matter. Mr. C. O. Du Plessis, the official handicapper in the West, is better prepared than any one else to make up for this deficiency, and if reports be true, he has already begun to collect the materials. A complete catalogue of records pertaining to Notre Dame has already been made, and will be published before June of the coming year.

Special Course in Vocal Music.

A new class in Vocal Music will be started immediately after the examinations. The course given will be a short one of twenty-four lessons, and will consist principally in a careful training in "sight reading." Two hours on Wednesdays and Saturdays—from half-past four o'clock to half-past six—will be devoted to the work, and all applicants for the course should hand in their names before November first to the Secretary of the University.

Preps Play Football at Laporte.

On Thursday last the Preps went to Laporte where they played football against the High School team, winning by a score of 27 to 0. The victory was more decisive than might be expected since the two teams were apparently equal in weight. The Preps' natural ability to play, combined with the assistance given them by Coach McWeeney, accounts for their success. The first score, a safety, was made in less than half a minute after play began. Three minutes and a half later a touchdown was made. No further scoring was done during the first half. Four touchdowns were made during the second half, but no goals were kicked. Stitch had an off day; otherwise, with the exception of fumbling once, he played a steady game. Kelly, who took his place in the last few minutes of play, did his part as well as could be required.

Team work, as usual, was the feature of the Preps' playing. Hubble excelling in the line, and with him the ends, Farrabaugh and Petritz. Very effective work was done by Warder, while Davis distinguished himself in making long runs for touchdowns, one of twenty-five yards. Rogers, Boyd and Rumley were most prominent among the High School boys. A return game has been arranged; it is expected that it will result in a victory for the Preps by a lower score.

Local Items.

—Where did Stanton find a razor? His face looks rather smooth this week.

—Dan Hartnett positively refuses to say what line of athletics he will pursue this year, but from present indications he will play football.

—"Mike" Daly has returned. He informs his friends that he is quite a "scrapper" as he has been over in China all summer with the "Boxers."

—Our coming football player, "Goldie," is with us again. For some time past he has been in the Infirmary, and he now declares he

can run the length of the football field in less time than he could when he left us to go to the Infirmary.

—WANTED.—A few more students in type-writing and telegraphy. If you are contemplating doing work of this kind, now is the time to begin the study.

—The Junior Law Class held a meeting in the Law room Saturday, October 13, and elected the following officers: President, Matt Donohue; Vice-President, George Kelly; Secretary, Leo Cleary; Treasurer, E. D. Collins; Historian, Cameron; Orator, McWeeney.

—The Corby Hall football team has elected Joe Clyne as captain, and Mr. Sherlock as manager for the ensuing season. From the present outlook it is safe to assert that Corby has the best of the Inter-hall football teams. The new men practice every day, and do it in a manner which indicates that they have the right spirit.

—The other day Mr. Butler was presented with a cap by the members of Brownson's famous '99 track team. Phil was captain of that noted team and is filling the same office for the 1900 men. It is well known that Phil is an old hand at track athletics, and the Brownsonites are to be congratulated for having so competent a captain to lead them.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting and rendered the following programme: Impromptu by Mr. O'Donnell; Mandolin and piano solo by Messrs. Davis and Rush; Recitation by Mr. R. Talcott. Debate: Resolved, That a sailor's life is subject to more hardships than a soldier's. Affirmative, Messrs. Lantry and Stanton; negative, Messrs. Trentman and Clark. The Heiney Republican was read by Mr. Wagner.

HOBNOBBING WITH ROYALTY AGAIN.

(On the q. t.—Hints from the lodge-keeper. Special letter.)

Children often form a sincere attachment to a plaything and this fondness for particular articles often follows a person through his later years. In the latter case we term this peculiar liking a "fad;" and when royalty demeans itself by following a natural bent we are inclined to ridicule; but despite this some of the great rulers of to-day have certain favorite articles of adornment.

The Emperor of Germany wears a bracelet on his left wrist, and the gems in its setting flash like an alderman's stud. The first time he wore it was just after his coronation, and everyone was surprised. Knots of men and women gathered and whispered anew the tales of Henry II. and the fair Rosamond, till one day the empress let the secret out. One of her maids of honor remarked the beauty of the emperor's bracelet; the empress blushed (empresses blush too) and muttered something about having one just like it, and wore it the

next day. The bracelet lost most of its charm, but the emperor still wears it.

The Tsar has a \$2000 gold repeater weighing nine ounces and actually carries the thing around with him. Some say he uses it for a breastplate, others that he has a woman in the case. (Probably the Tsarina is the woman).

Queen Wilhelmina dotes on solitaire earrings, and has the prettiest pair in the world. (I might add surreptitiously that they adorn one of the prettiest women in the world). She keeps them in a satin-lined casket and always carries the key herself. They are worth \$25,000, so if anything adverse happens she will have them for a rainy day when she can soak them.

The Queen Regent of Spain has two hundred and seventy rings, and has worn each of them at least once. One of the rings has a secret spring that opens a tiny locket containing some Spanish notes; this is a handy ring to have in case she forgets her car fare or circus ticket.

King Leopold has a rare collection of time-pieces. He has a clock that used to belong to Martin Luther, and finds it a handy thing, as he can use it to put his shaving-mug in, and it can also be used as a spare bed in case of a rush of company. He has twenty-two cuckoo clocks, and lives. His mind must be going fast. How any sane man can hear the silly, inane "cuckoo" of a cuckoo clock and not smash the thing into smithereens passes all comprehension.

The Sultan of Turkey wears a mail-shirt, and probably finds no use for it in these days of calm and repose while the other nations have their hands full in China, but even so it serves its purpose when he wanders by mistake and without his license too near to some Pasha's seraglio. Mail-shirts are handy things also when you have a poor laundress or can't pay a good one. DUC DE CLAQUER.

—SOCIETY ITEMS.—Sedgie gave a banquet in honor of the new students Wednesday evening. There was everything the heart could wish for on the menu—all the delicacies of the season. The "trust stew" was the best served in this part of the country for some time; it consisted of oysters, and the milk they were in was not hot enough to kill them. When a person broke crackers in the stew the oysters would eat the crackers, but in the long run the persons received the benefit of both oysters and crackers. Chauncey Wellington Yockey, LL. D., D. O. P., was the principal speaker of the evening. He addressed the young men in the following words:

"Gentlemen, I am surprised and highly gratified to have the privilege of addressing such an assemblage, representing as you do the beauty and fashion of this great and thriving institution. Some young men know everything and know it; some young men know every-

thing, and don't know it; but you don't know everything, and know it. Otherwise, you would not be here.

"Now, my dear young friends, as I look upon your innocent faces, and behold the *non compos mentis* expression contained therein, I conclude that a little fatherly advice would not be out of place. This is your first year at college, and I may not live to have the pleasure of addressing you again. Therefore, I wish to give you a few hints this evening.

"In the first place, do not cultivate a 'Henry Quirk' walk, like our friend O'Grady, as you are liable to pass yourself without knowing it. Rather assume a 'Vassar College' walk like my own. Always observe a proper humility of manner when passing the '400' of Sorin Hall, keeping the eyes cast down and the head bare. And in order to efface your personalities, I would advise you to raise whiskers—Messrs. Kachur and Cornell will advise you on this subject for the asking. Have a little bit of 'get-up-fulness' about you, and awake the older students in time for breakfast each morning—Mr. Dwyer will furnish you with a list. Whenever any of the gentler sex visit the college grounds be sure and cross their path so they can see what you look like—Messrs. Collins and Lavelle will show you how to carry yourself.

"Whenever you go over to the store, think of all the fellows who drink lemonade, and who are not going over.

"Keep your eyes open each evening, and when you see a fellow bring a pitcher of drinking water from the well, be sure and tell all your friends. Never go to the well after nightfall as the night air might affect you.

"Do not smoke, but always carry a sack of tobacco, in order to be a good fellow and accommodate your friends. Do not chew tobacco, as he who chews tobacco can not 'expect-to-rate' as a gentleman.

"Whenever you see a fellow resting peacefully and you think he needs exercise go over and tell him what you think you know about politics.

"Do not look in the mirrors located in the different rooms of the institution, as I'm informed that a man will have nine years bad luck if he breaks a looking-glass.

"Do not become politicians. It seems to be the craze now-a-days for a boy to get a little learning in his head, and then run around with a political speech under his arm. One will tell us that we want silver money and another will tell us we want gold money. Now, as a matter of fact, we don't care which; we're tired of being broke. There's that man Barry and he has \$350 worth of gold in his mouth. Now if he should die, that's a great amount of money going to the devil.

"Gentlemen, it is now so late in the evening I will bring my remarks to a close with this warning! 'Beware of the Icy Mit.'"